FIRST COMICS DELUXE SERIES
AUG. $1.75
NO. 14
$2.45 CANADA
THE BADGER™

# Dear Larry,:

% FIRST COMICS
1014 DAVIS
EVANSTON, IL
60201

Dear Reader:

If you're interested in other First comics not available where you purchased this book, you can find all First publications at Comic Specialty Stores throughout the country. Consult the yellow pages for the comics outlet nearest you.

Dear Mike:

Listen now, I'm serious.

I think the main reason I enjoy the Badger so much, despite the fact that it gets downright silly sometimes and has your typical long and tedious fight scenes, is due to the lack of conventional structure in the storyline. No endless sub-plots that go on for 169 issues. No formula that has to be strictly followed.

Or at least, it seems that way.

Oh, what the hell! It's a fun book. Let's just leave it at that.

P.S. It was a nice touch, having Lord Weterlackus appear as a tall, sophisticated count, instead of some slobbering Demon-King with vomit dribbling out of his mouth like I expected. Neat.

Mark Haden Frazer
W39700 Sunnyfield Drive
Oconomowoc, WI 53066

*Originally, Mike and Bill used the editor (a slobbering demon-king with vomit dribbling out of his mouth) as the model for his Lordship; but I changed that.*

Dear People:

The Badger #11 was a good issue, but not the best -- which you had back around the first three Capital issues. I have always felt the Badger was better before you labelled him mentally ill. Maybe like Murdock on the A-Team, he's a victim of delayed stress from Vietnam. By the way, it's never been established when the Badger was in Vietnam. And how old is the Badger?

Mike Baron is one of my favorite writers in comic books today because of his fanciful concepts like Nexus and the Badger, with interesting characters rather than the one-dimensional Flash Gordon type. Frankly, I hope we continue to see the characters grow and evolve.

Bill Reinhold and Keith Wilson, along with the excellent colorists and letterers at First, are becoming better and better with each issue.

Let's see more of the other characters within the being called the Badger. I like to see his more passive side react.

Zoomtown still has not proven anything to me, yet I see some hopes that it will be more than SF-Hell's Angels.

When are you going to have a meet-up on some plateau between the Badger and Jon Sable?

Mark Ryan
10236 Monarch Drive
St. Louis, MO 63136

*We had this great idea for a Badger/Sable crossover; but it takes place in a basement. Now we'll have to start all over.*

Dear Editor:

Congratulations! You've managed to capture the audiences of G.I. Joe, Savage Tales, and Mad Max with Zoomtown. What will you do with them now? You could feed them botulism or dioxin or plutonium... but I think more of this strip will kill them just as fast. Just trying to convince myself that this "story" and "art" belonged in a Baxter book I'd paid so much for killed 870,041 of my neurons. Wait 'til you see my bill. Willingness to pander! Willingness to pander!

"He Who Walks as the Thunder"
220 W. 8th Apt. 8
Erie, PA 16501

*"He Who Walks..." apparently shares a very large or extremely cozy apartment with "The Wrangler from Hell," "Capt. Eccentric," "The One True King of the Range," and "The Lone Stranger," none of whom cared much for Zoomtown.*

*We appreciate negative mail as well as positive. We're certainly not infallible, and we need you to tell us what works and what doesn't. But I take umbrage (and I'll glady swap my umbrage for "He's" dead brain cells, in lieu of the bill) at the accusation of "pandering."*

*First of all, I happen to like Mad Max and would gladly do a comics adaptation of all three movies. The fact that it would sell better than a Harlequin Romance featuring the The Masters of the Universe would be a pleasant bonus. Just because something is popular doesn't mean it can't also be good.*

*Secondly, if our intention was to pander, we wouldn't sell-out for a measly back-up story -- we'd go all the way! Ham would marry Daisy while she carries on a clandestine affair with Pierre who would be secretly dying of cancer. Norbert's presumed dead evil twin, impersonating the Badger, would murder Riley, and the wrongly accused Norbert would languish in jail until next season.*

*Finally, I would like nothing better than to attract new readers who normally wouldn't even give a second glance to a book that doesn't have you-know-who's logo on the cover. It's about time they saw something new!*

*And now that I'm through gesticulating wildly, foaming at the mouth, and indignifying righteously, I'll own up to the fact that the overall response to Zoomtown has been somewhat less than overwhelmingly positive. But given the fact that the* ***Badger*** *has to have some kind of back-up series in order to keep our overworked artists on a monthly schedule, what would you like to see instead?*

**NEXT MONTH:** The Badger travels to the land down under to join in the war against hideous creatures from another dimension, only to come up against... The Wombat! By **Mike Baron**, **Bill Reinhold**, and **Rick Bryant**.

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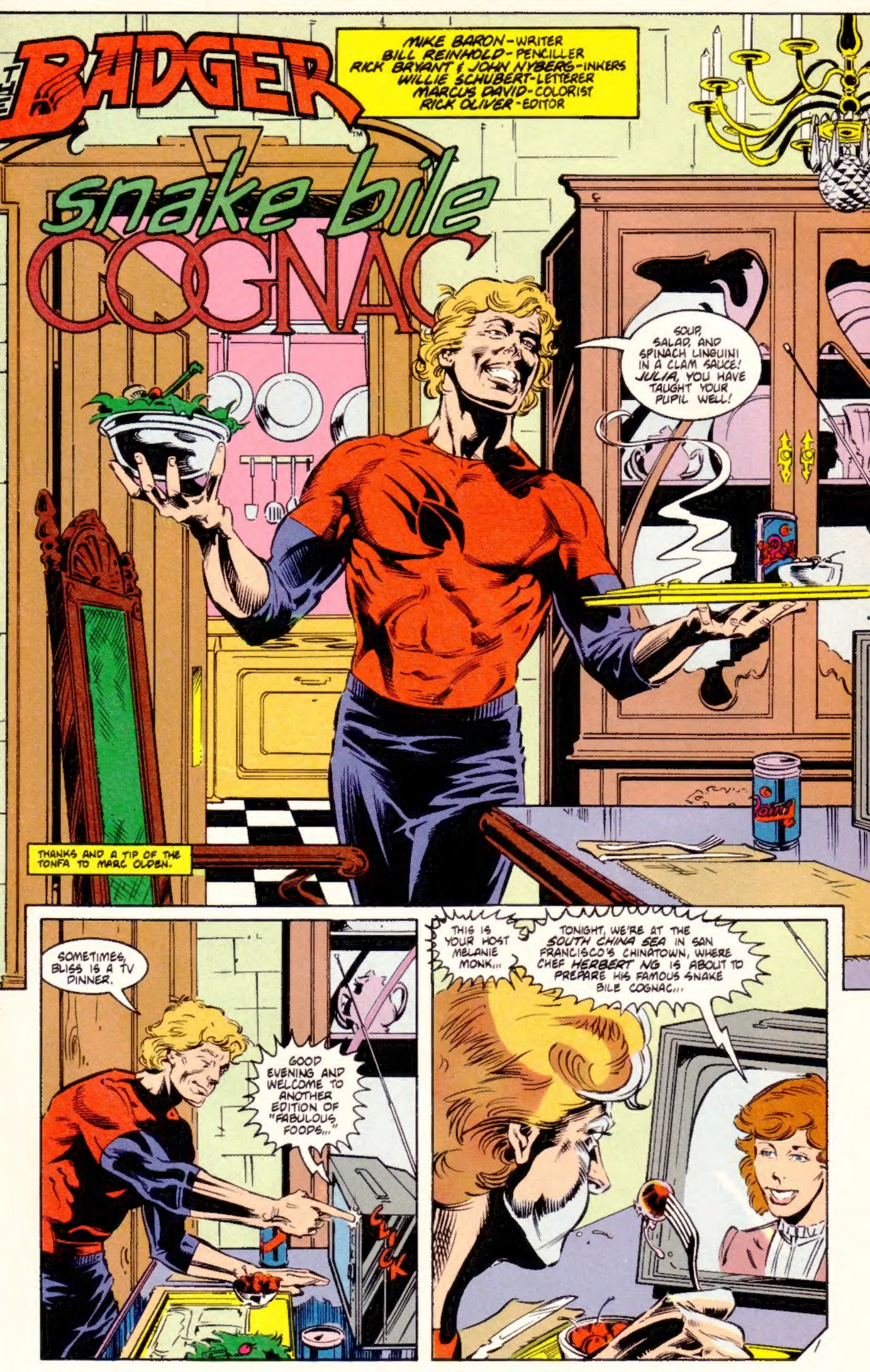

THE BADGER
MIKE BARON - WRITER
BILL REINHOLD - PENCILLER
RICK BRYANT & JOHN NYBERG - INKERS
WILLIE SCHUBERT - LETTERER
MARCUS DAVID - COLORIST
RICK OLIVER - EDITOR
snake bile COGNAC
SOUP, SALAD, AND SPINACH LINGUINI IN A CLAM SAUCE! JULIA, YOU HAVE TAUGHT YOUR PUPIL WELL!
THANKS AND A TIP OF THE TONFA TO MARC OLDEN.
SOMETIMES, BLISS IS A TV DINNER.
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF "FABULOUS FOODS..."
CLICK
THIS IS YOUR HOST MELANIE MONK...
TONIGHT, WE'RE AT THE SOUTH CHINA SEA IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN, WHERE CHEF HERBERT NG IS ABOUT TO PREPARE HIS FAMOUS SNAKE BILE COGNAC...

SSSS!
THAT'S A REAL LIVE COBRA, FOLKS. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS NOT A RECIPE YOU SHOULD TRY TO DUPLICATE AT HOME...
HERBERT, CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DOING FOR OUR VIEWERS?
HISSS!
CERTAINLY, MELANIE. I MUST STAND ON SNAKE'S TAIL AND STRETCH IT TAUT LIKE SO, TO LOCATE THE BILE SAC... AH... HERE IT IS.
USING A SMALL BLADE WE MAKE A ONE INCH SLIT OVER SAC-- THIS MAKES MISTER COBRA VERY MAD SO WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL.
HSSSS!
WE REMOVE THE SAC AND DEPOSIT IN TEACUP...
WE BREAK THE SAC AND ADD THE COGNAC...
THIS ANCIENT CHINESE DELICACY IS SAID TO DO WONDERS FOR THE LIBIDO.
HA-HA! AND THAT'S JUST THE START OF THIS TRULY FABULOUS MEAL!

THEN WE PUT MISTER SNAKE OUT OF HIS MISERY...
CHOP
...AND WE USE HIM FOR A MEAT SAUCE.
CLICK!
HMM, I HAVE TO GO TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR A FEW DAYS.
WHAT'S IN SAN FRANCISCO?
REVENGE FOR A SNAKE.
VERY WELL! BUT BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE WORLD DAIRY EXPO--I DON'T RELISH WALKING AMONG THOSE CATTLE UNATTENDED!
WE'RE LANDING NOW, MISTER SYKES. YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING YOUR SEATBACK TO A FULL UPRIGHT POSITION.
WHY? CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME? WHO CARES WHETHER I LAND WITH MY SEATBACK RECLINING? LOOK--THERE'S NOBODY BEHIND ME. THE SEAT IS EMPTY.
MISTER SYKES...

SIX HOURS LATER.
FAR EAST
SOUTH CHINA SEA RESTAURANT
Kuo W
Rastua

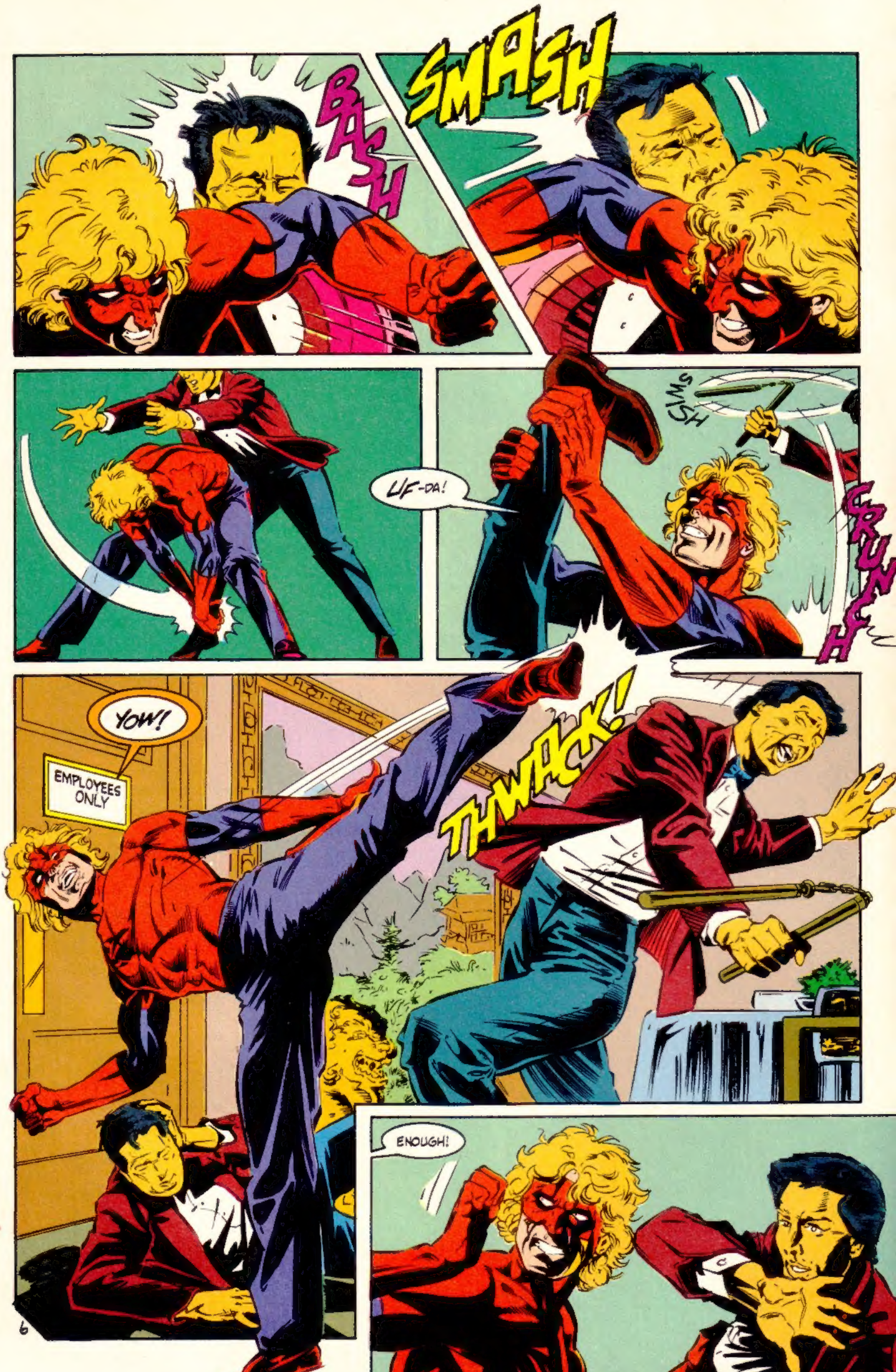
WHERE IS CHEF NG?
SO SOLLY--LESTAULANT NOT OPEN YET COME BACK AFTER FIVE.
I'M NOT HERE TO EAT--I'M HERE TO BEAT!

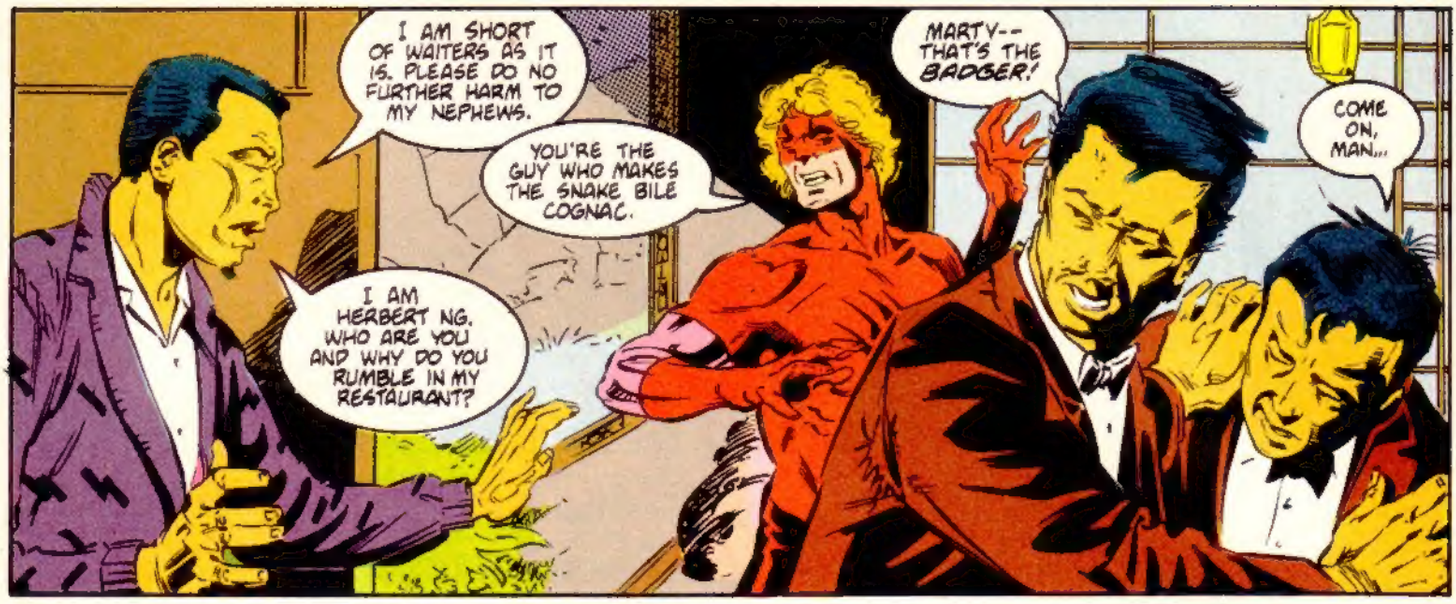
SO SOLLY--NO SPEAKEE ENGRISH. YOU COME BACK AFTER FIVE, PREASE.
DON'T HAND ME THAT! I HEARD YOU CLOWNS DISCUSSING OAKLAND'S CHANCES IN THE PENNANT RACE! YOU SPEAK BETTER ENGLISH THAN ME!
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR UNCLE HERBERT?

I SAW WHAT HE DID TO THAT SNAKE! I'M GOING TO POUND SOME HUMANITY INTO HIM!

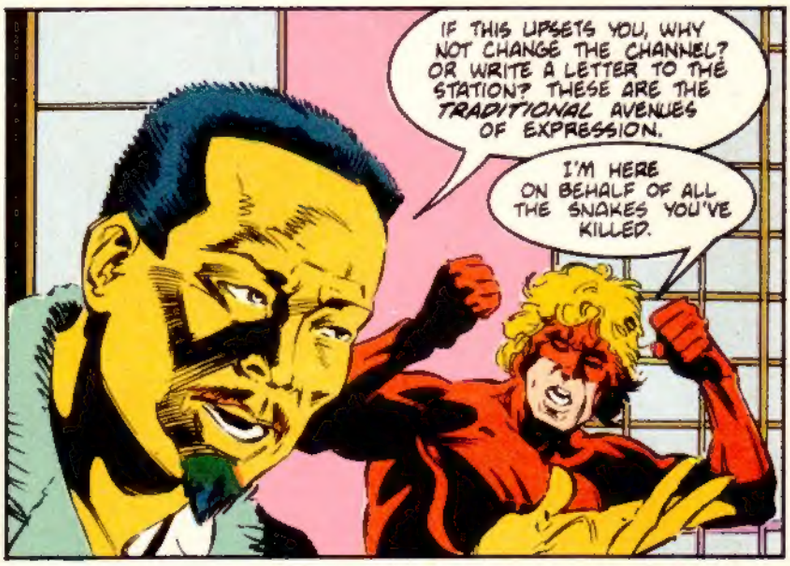
HERBERT NG IS A MASTER OF THE PHOENIX EYE FIST AND SOUTHERN SHAOLIN KUNG FU... AND YOU WILL POUND SOME HUMANITY INTO HIM?
THAT'S RIGHT, LARRY! AND IF YOU DON'T FETCH HIS ASS, I'LL START WARMING UP ON YOU!

SWISHHH
UF-DA!
HOOP!
WHACK
THWAP
YAH!


BASH
SMASH
UF-DA!
SWISH
CRUNCH
YOW!
EMPLOYEES ONLY
THWACK!
ENOUGH!
6


I AM SHORT OF WAITERS AS IT IS. PLEASE DO NO FURTHER HARM TO MY NEPHEWS.
YOU'RE THE GUY WHO MAKES THE SNAKE BILE COGNAC.
I AM HERBERT NG. WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DO YOU RUMBLE IN MY RESTAURANT?
MARTY-- THAT'S THE BADGER!
COME ON, MAN...

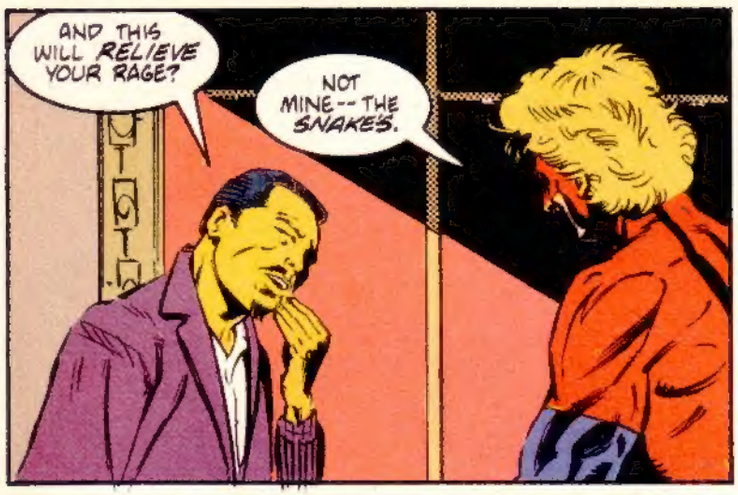
THE BADGER. BARNEVELD, WISCONSIN. I'M MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS THE OTHER NIGHT, WATCHING TV, EATING A TV DINNER, WHEN YOU COME ON WITH YOUR SNAKE BILE COGNAC.


IF THIS UPSETS YOU, WHY NOT CHANGE THE CHANNEL? OR WRITE A LETTER TO THE STATION? THESE ARE THE TRADITIONAL AVENUES OF EXPRESSION.
I'M HERE ON BEHALF OF ALL THE SNAKES YOU'VE KILLED.

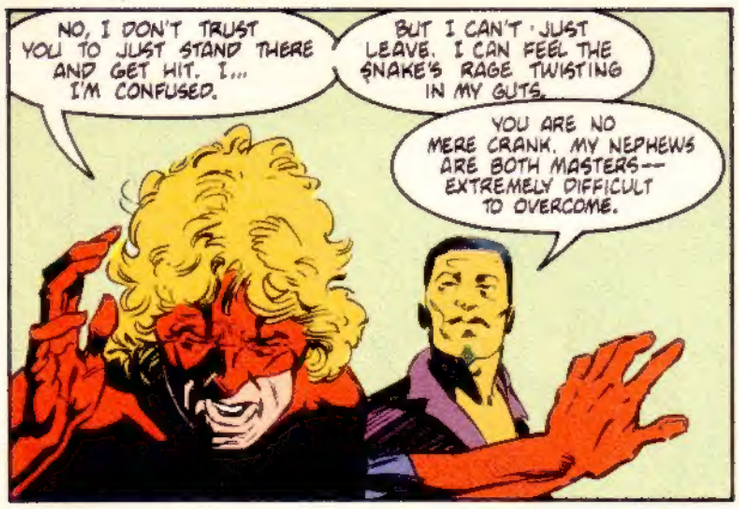
WHAT? ARE YOU SERIOUS? THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE.
I AM DEADLY SERIOUS. WHEN YOU CUT OPEN THE COBRA ITS RAGE PASSED INTO ME.

I KNEW IT WAS A MISTAKE TO DO THAT PROGRAM. BUT THE LADY WAS SO CHARMING AND PERSUASIVE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

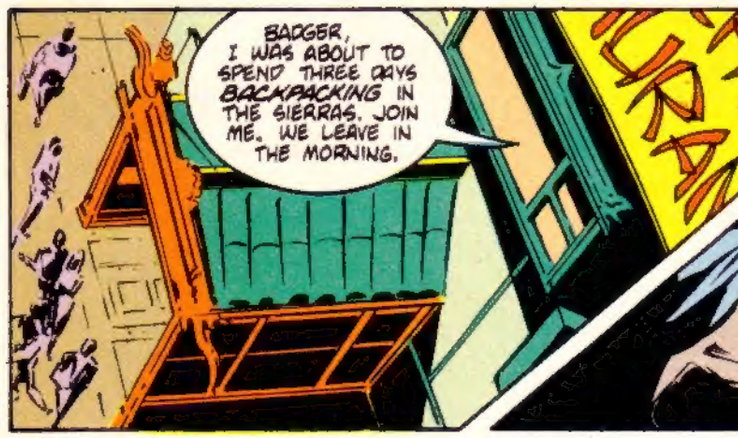
HIT YOU MAYBE.


AND THIS WILL RELIEVE YOUR RAGE?
NOT MINE-- THE SNAKES.

THEN HIT ME.

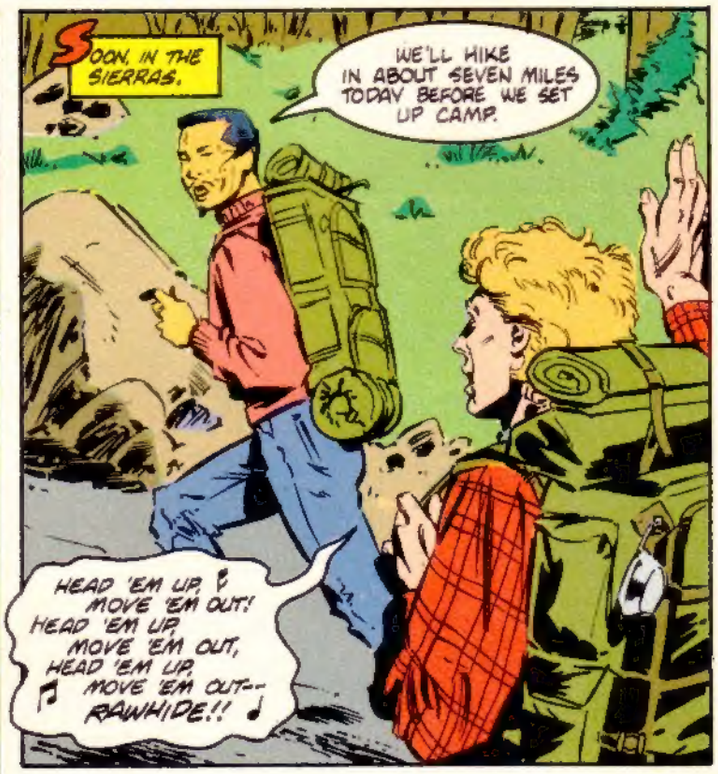

NO, I DON'T TRUST YOU TO JUST STAND THERE AND GET HIT. I... I'M CONFUSED.
BUT I CAN'T JUST LEAVE. I CAN FEEL THE SNAKE'S RAGE TWISTING IN MY GUTS.
YOU ARE NO MERE CRANK. MY NEPHEWS ARE BOTH MASTERS-- EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO OVERCOME.

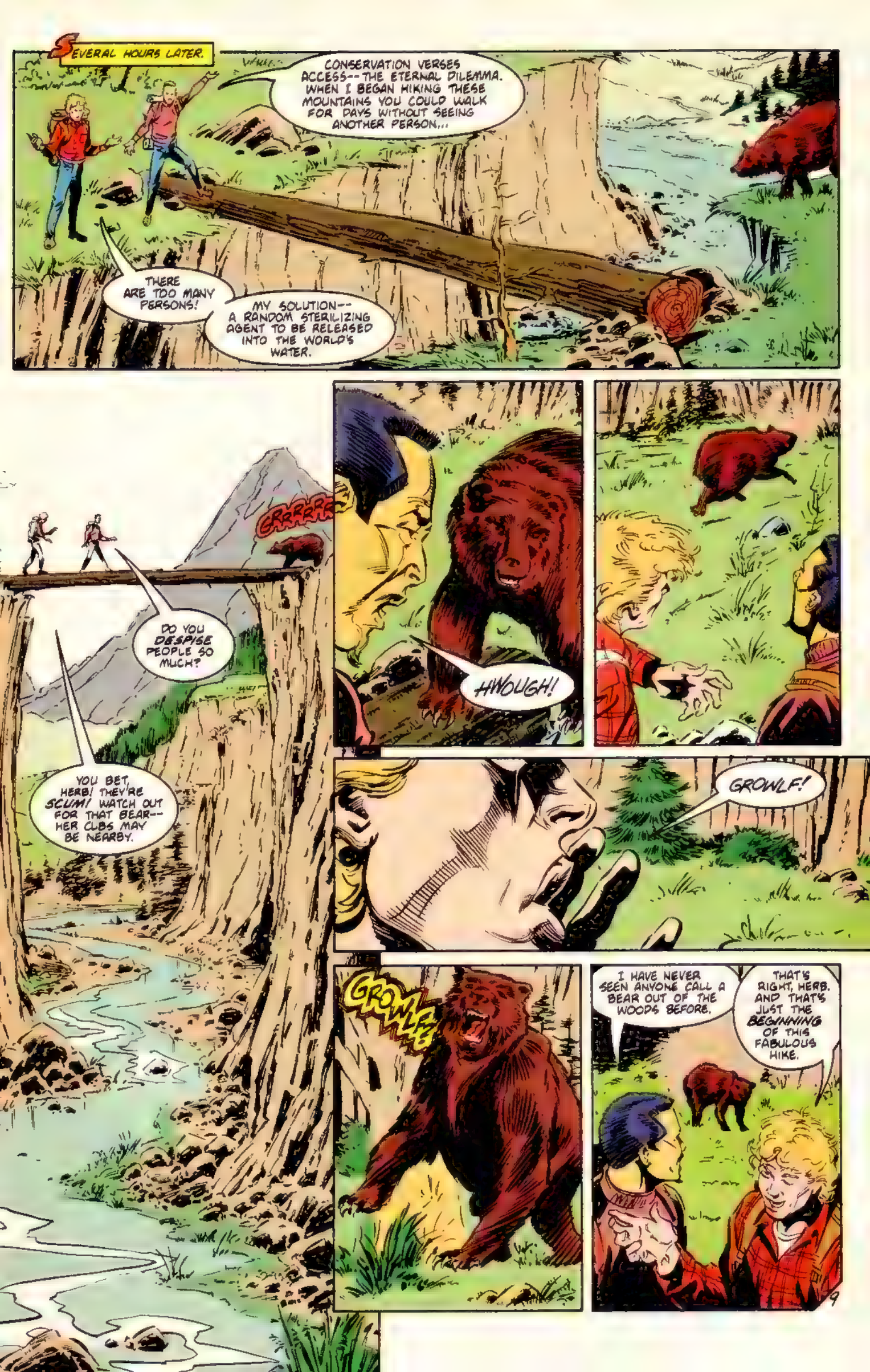
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?
UNCLE HERBERT-- HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THE BADGER? HE'S A LEGEND IN MARTIAL ARTS. WE JUST COULDN'T PLACE HIM WHEN HE WALKED IN.
NO ONE EXPECTS A LEGEND TO COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BEAT YOU UP.

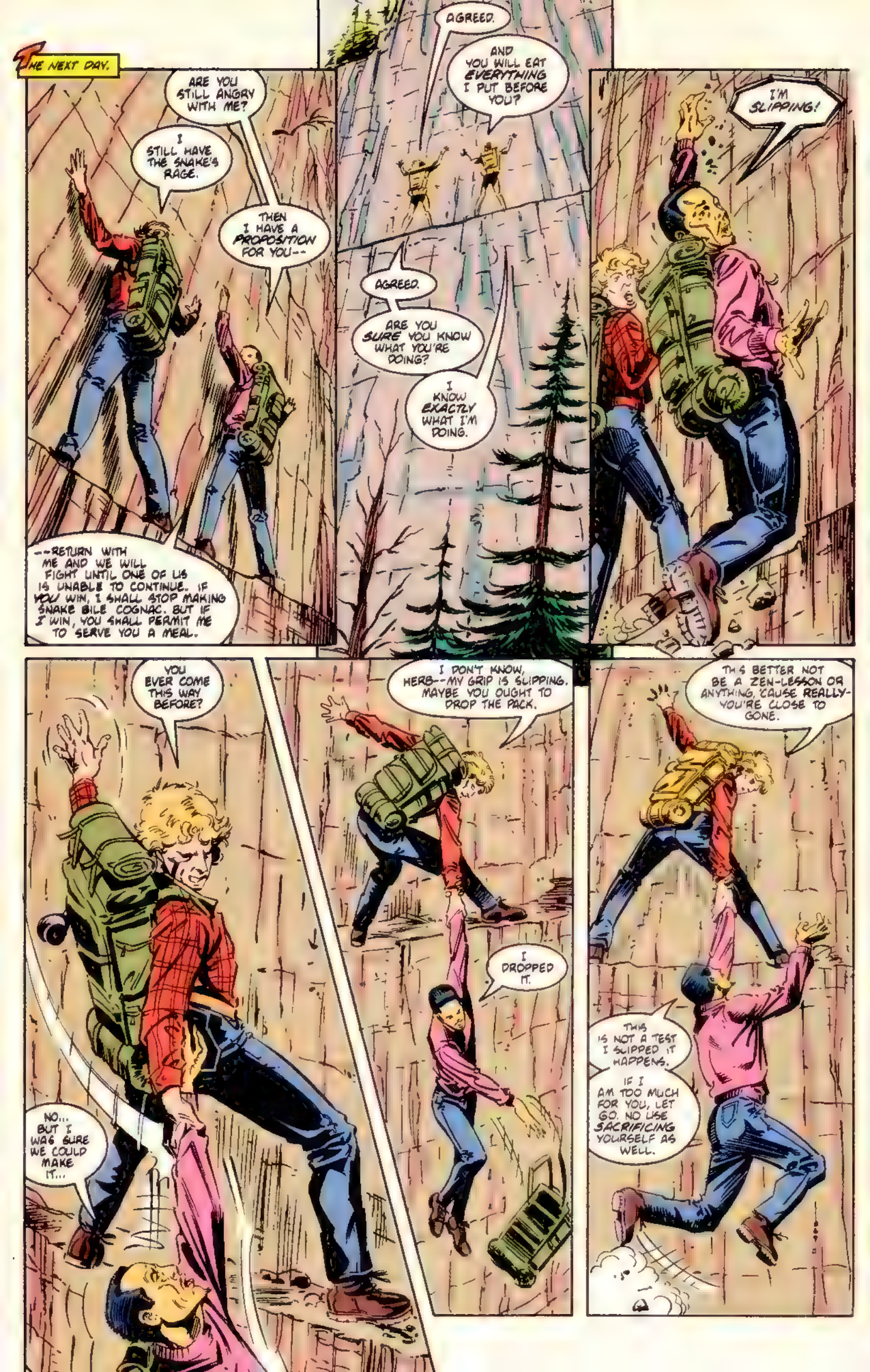

BADGER, I WAS ABOUT TO SPEND THREE DAYS BACKPACKING IN THE SIERRAS. JOIN ME. WE LEAVE IN THE MORNING.

...KOOKOO FOR COCO PUFFS... KOOKOO FOR COCO PUFFS... ZZZ

WE CAN LEARN FROM EACH OTHER.
IF WHAT MY NEPHEWS TELL ME IS TRUE, YOU ARE A GREAT MASTER AND HAVE KEEN INSIGHTS INTO THE NATURE OF CHI, OR INTERNAL POWER.
THIS IS TRUE, HERB. AND I HEAR YOU MAKE A GREAT GARLIC SAUCE.


SOON, IN THE SIERRAS.
WE'LL HIKE IN ABOUT SEVEN MILES TODAY BEFORE WE SET UP CAMP.
HEAD 'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT! HEAD 'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT, HEAD 'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT-- RAWHIDE!!

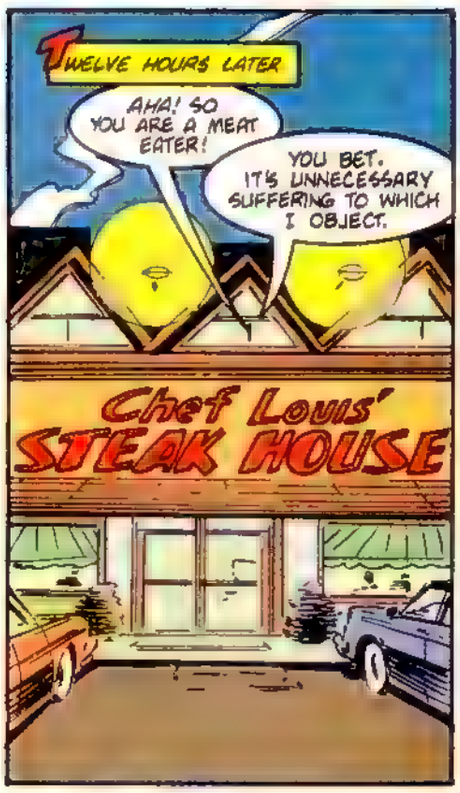

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.
CONSERVATION VERSES ACCESS--THE ETERNAL DILEMMA. WHEN I BEGAN HIKING THESE MOUNTAINS YOU COULD WALK FOR DAYS WITHOUT SEEING ANOTHER PERSON...
THERE ARE TOO MANY PERSONS!
MY SOLUTION--A RANDOM STERILIZING AGENT TO BE RELEASED INTO THE WORLD'S WATER.
GRRRRR
DO YOU DESPISE PEOPLE SO MUCH?
YOU BET, HERB! THEY'RE SCUM! WATCH OUT FOR THAT BEAR--HER CUBS MAY BE NEARBY.
HWOUGH!
GROWLF!
GROWLF!
I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYONE CALL A BEAR OUT OF THE WOODS BEFORE.
THAT'S RIGHT, HERB. AND THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING OF THIS FABULOUS HIKE.
9


THE NEXT DAY.
ARE YOU STILL ANGRY WITH ME?
I STILL HAVE THE SNAKE'S RAGE.
THEN I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU--
--RETURN WITH ME AND WE WILL FIGHT UNTIL ONE OF US IS UNABLE TO CONTINUE. IF YOU WIN, I SHALL STOP MAKING SNAKE BILE COGNAC. BUT IF I WIN, YOU SHALL PERMIT ME TO SERVE YOU A MEAL.
AGREED.
AND YOU WILL EAT EVERYTHING I PUT BEFORE YOU?
AGREED.
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING.
I'M SLIPPING!
YOU EVER COME THIS WAY BEFORE?
NO... BUT I WAS SURE WE COULD MAKE IT...
I DON'T KNOW, HERB--MY GRIP IS SLIPPING. MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO DROP THE PACK.
I DROPPED IT.
THIS BETTER NOT BE A ZEN-LESSON OR ANYTHING, 'CAUSE REALLY-YOU'RE CLOSE TO GONE.
THIS IS NOT A TEST I SLIPPED IT HAPPENS.
IF I AM TOO MUCH FOR YOU, LET GO. NO USE SACRIFICING YOURSELF AS WELL.

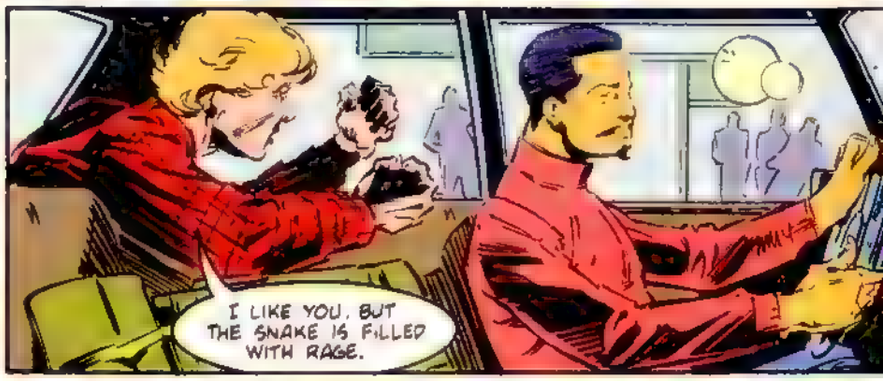
OH YOU SLIMY BASTARD! I JUST KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
I WOULDN'T LET YOU GO IF YOU WERE JAMES WATT! I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO GIVING YOU LUMPS.

JERK.

NOW THAT WE'VE LOST HALF OUR SUPPLIES, WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE CAR.
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO. I AM PREPARED TO GO WITHOUT MY PACK.
SO I CAN WATCH YOU THROW ROCKS AT SQUIRRELS? NO WAY, HERB. WE'RE PACKING IT IN AND PACKING OUT.


TWELVE HOURS LATER
AHA! SO YOU ARE A MEAT EATER!
YOU BET. IT'S UNNECESSARY SUFFERING TO WHICH I OBJECT.
Chef Louis' STEAK HOUSE

BESIDES, I HAVE TO PACK SOME PROTEIN FOR OUR FIGHT.
AH, YES. OUR FIGHT. SO YOU ARE STILL DETERMINED TO CONTEST ME.

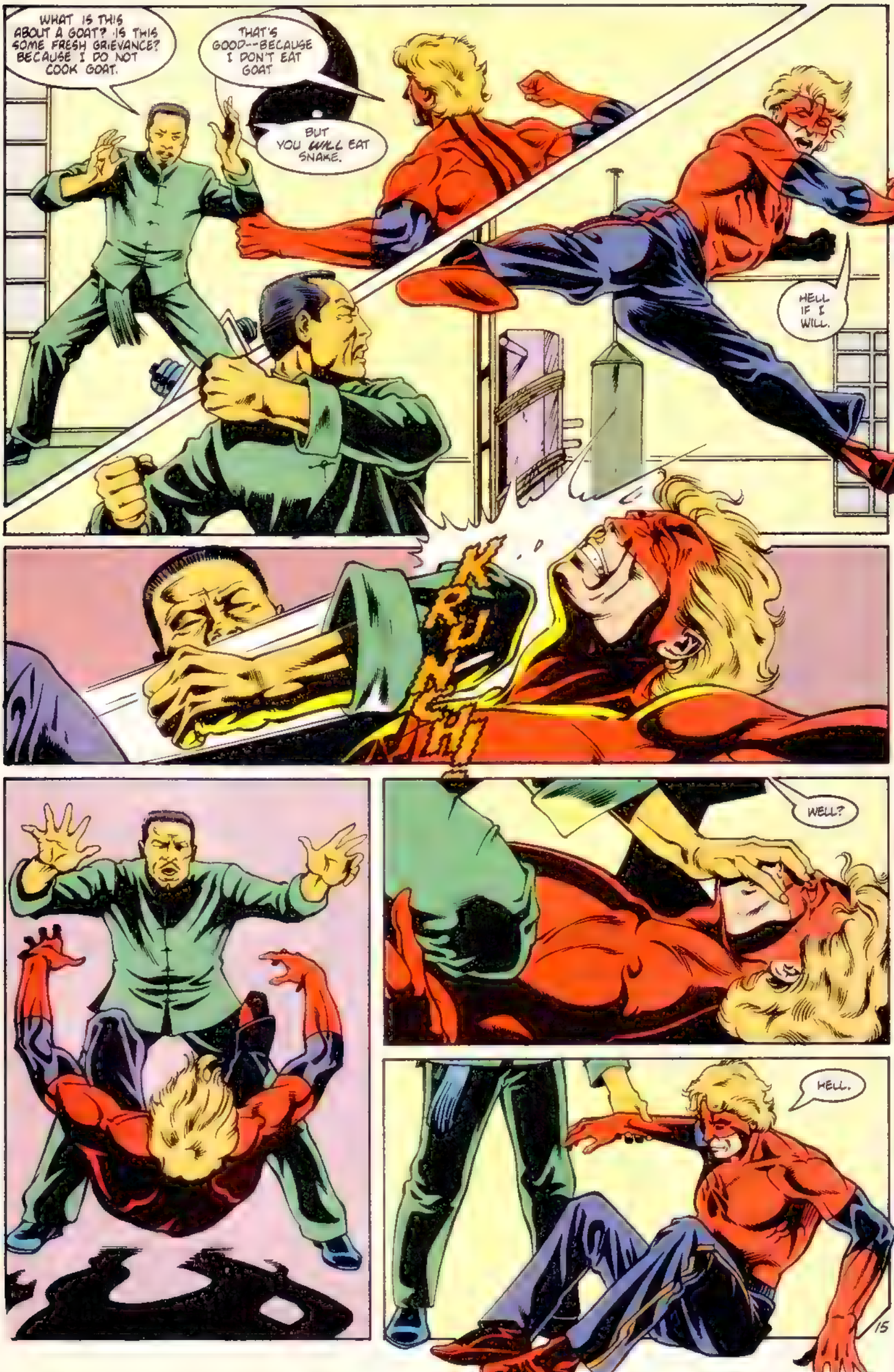

I LIKE YOU. BUT THE SNAKE IS FILLED WITH RAGE.

AND THE SNAKE IS STILL WITH YOU.
SLEEP WELL, MY FRIEND.

THE MORNING--
NG'S GYMNASIUM.
HERE IT COMES, HERB.
SWOOSH
FWAP

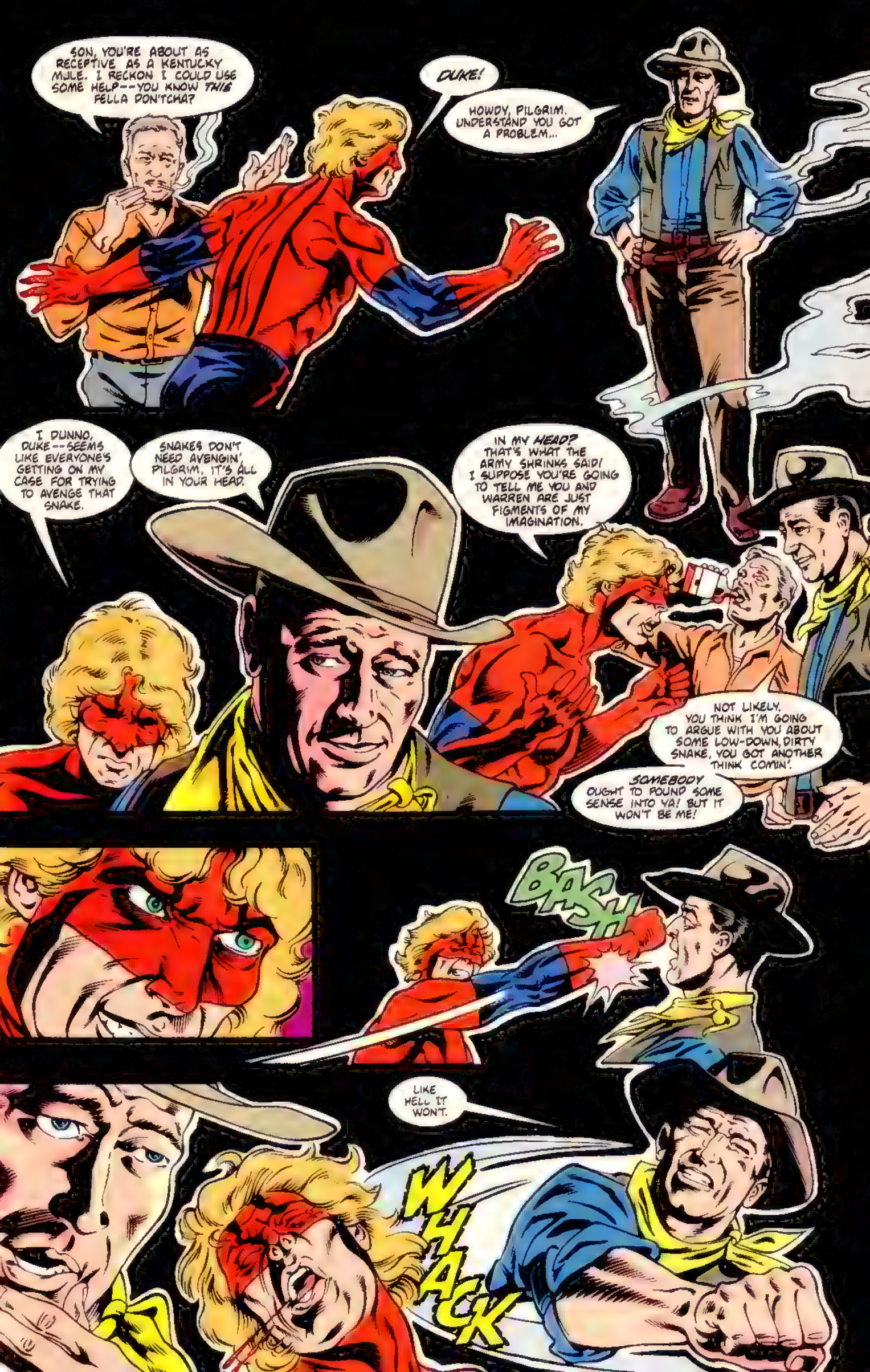
I LED WITH A KICK, HERB. THAT WAS MY MISTAKE.
BIP
THWACK
THWACH
BAFF

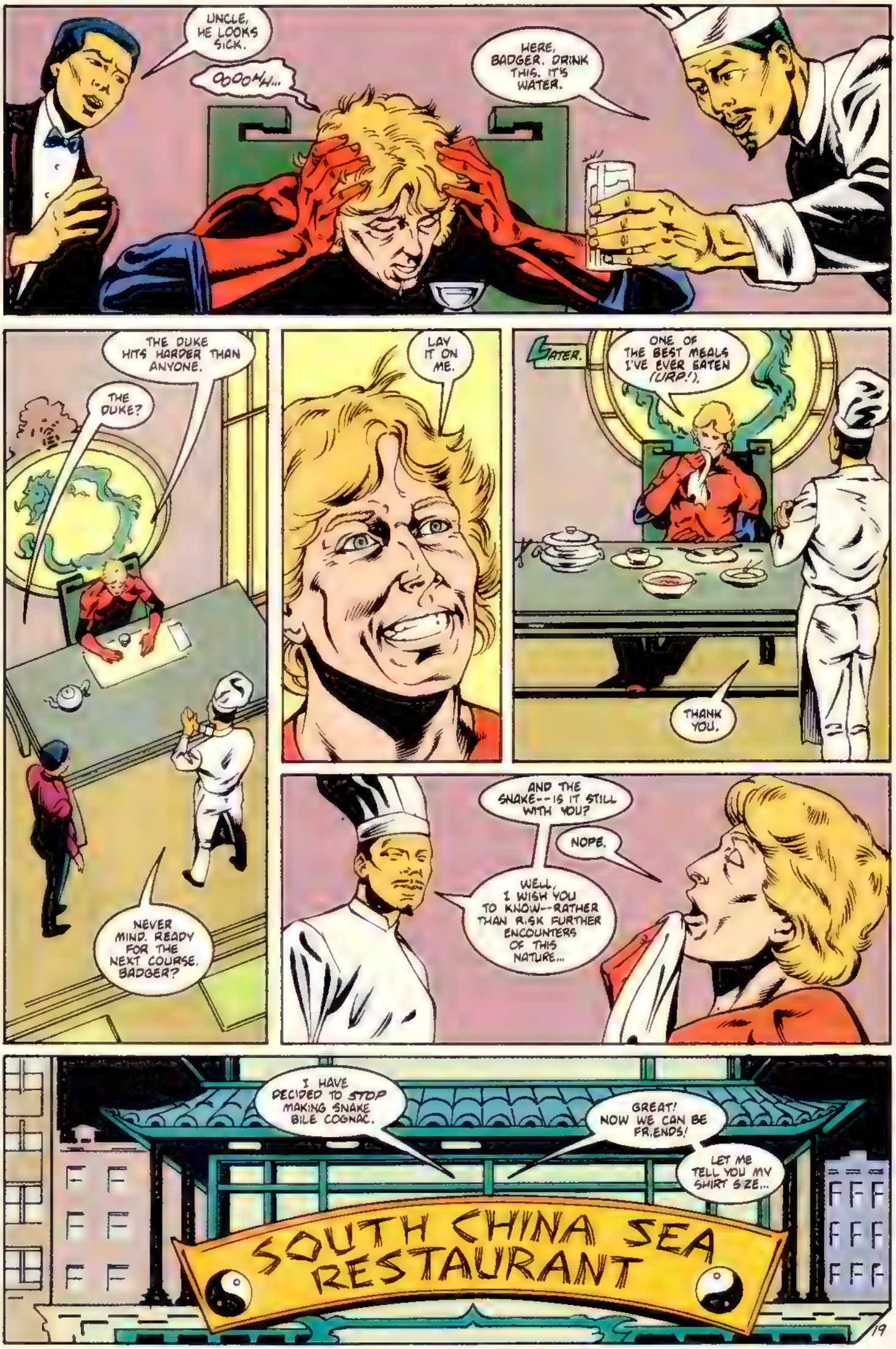
BOP!
BAP!
THAT'S PRAYING MANTIS STUFF, HERB! THAT REALLY GETS MY GOAT!


WHAT IS THIS ABOUT A GOAT? IS THIS SOME FRESH GRIEVANCE? BECAUSE I DO NOT COOK GOAT.
THAT'S GOOD--BECAUSE I DON'T EAT GOAT
BUT YOU WILL EAT SNAKE.
HELL IF I WILL.
KRUNCH!
WELL?
HELL.

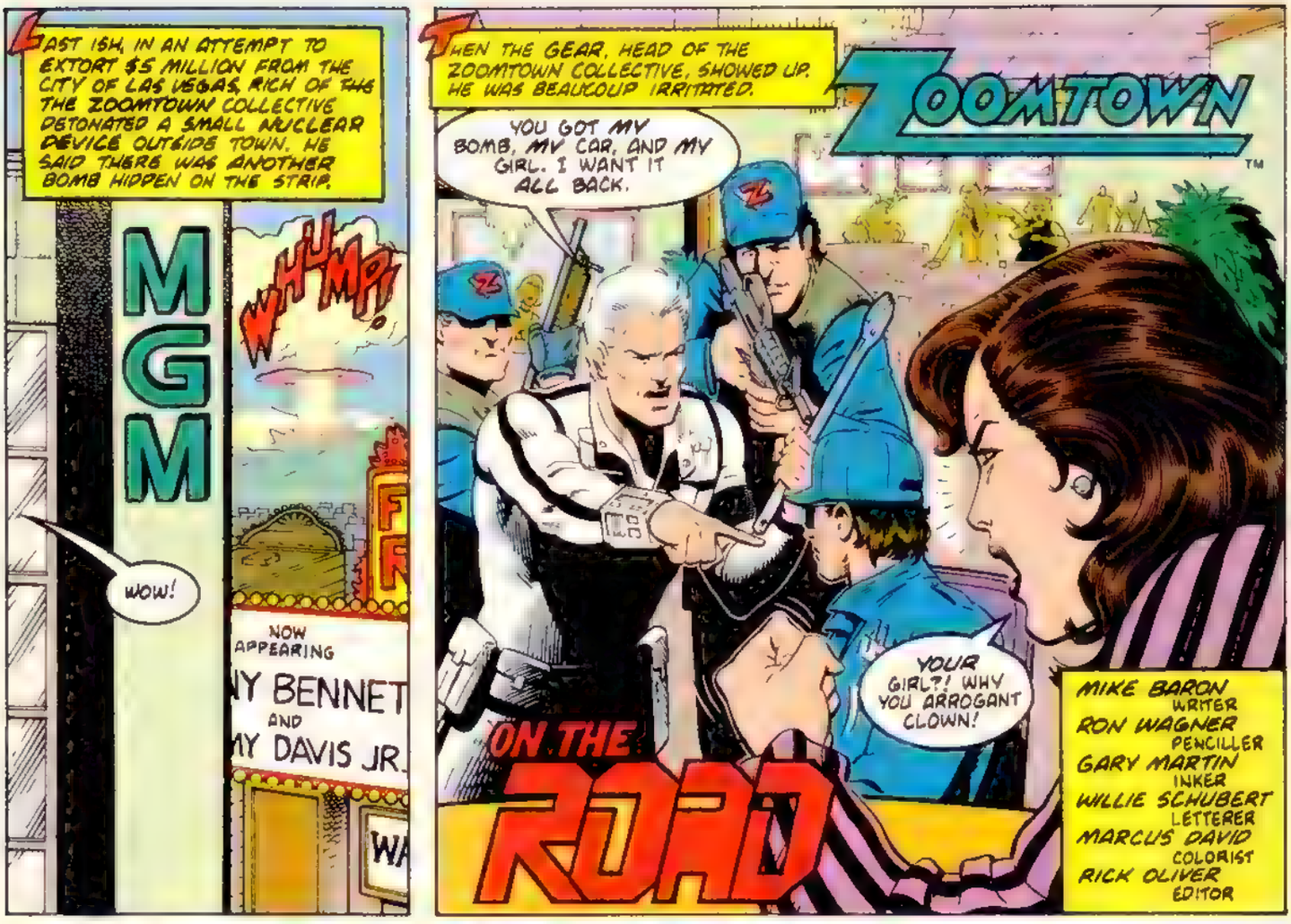
THAT EVENING.
DO I HAVE TO USE CHOPSTICKS?
JUST DO ME ONE FAVOR--DON'T PREPARE ANYTHING IN FRONT OF ME. I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT.
CERTAINLY NOT.
I GOT A DELICATE CONSTITUTION.
HE HAS THE CONSTITUTION OF AN OX. SHUT THE DOOR.
YES, UNCLE HERBERT.
SHORTLY.
YOUR COGNAC, SIR.
A DEAL'S A DEAL. (GULP!)
GLUG-GLUG!
BLARGH!
WHAM

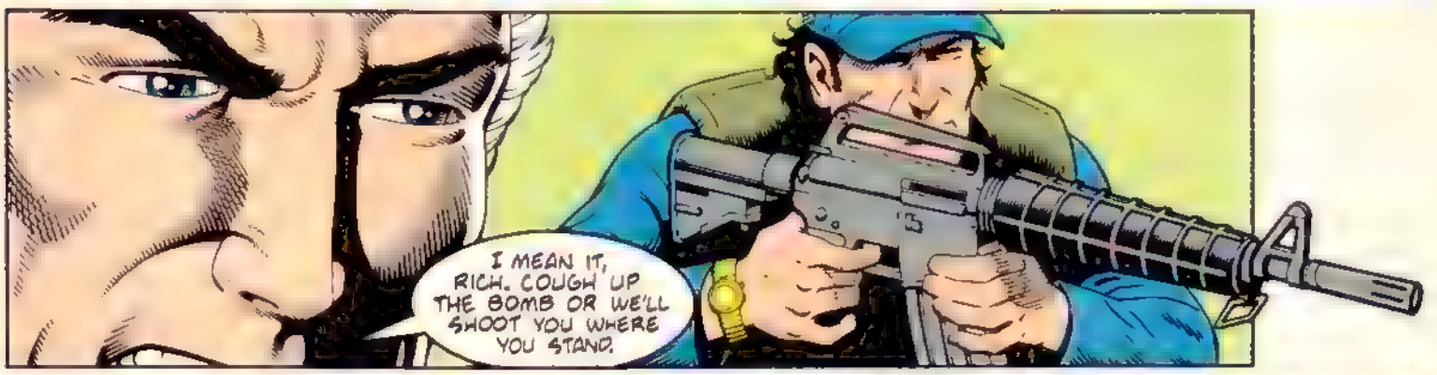
HEY! WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?
SON, YOU AND ME HAVE GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK.
WARREN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOKING AFTER YOUR ASS, YOU DAMN FOOL! BADGE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME PERSPECTIVE IN YOUR LIFE...
YOU'RE JUST GOING OVERBOARD ON ALL THE WRONG THINGS...
OH YEAH? SUCH AS?
HERE YOU DONE CROSSED THE CONTINENT, MIGHTILY IRRITATING THIS HERE GOOD MAN NG, AND FOR WHAT?
DID HERB PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
NO SIR. HELL-HE DON'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST. THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND ME.
THERE'S CRITTERS AND PEOPLE CLOSER TO HOME WHAT NEED YOUR HELP A LOT WORSE THAN THESE HERE SNAKES HERBERT'S BEEN CUTTIN' UP.
BUT I DIDN'T CHOOSE THE SNAKE--THE SNAKE CHOSE ME!

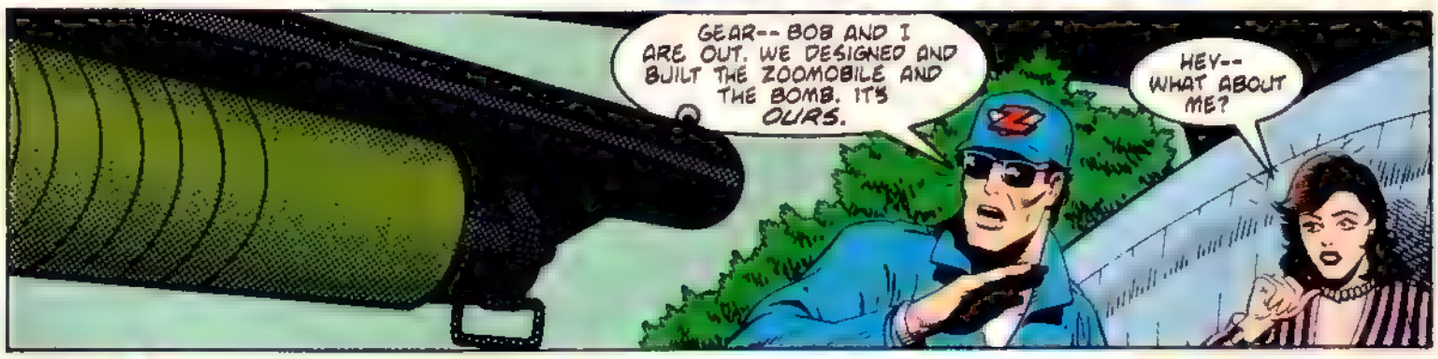

SON, YOU'RE ABOUT AS RECEPTIVE AS A KENTUCKY MULE. I RECKON I COULD USE SOME HELP--YOU KNOW THIS FELLA DON'TCHA?
DUKE!
HOWDY, PILGRIM. UNDERSTAND YOU GOT A PROBLEM...
I DUNNO, DUKE--SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE'S GETTING ON MY CASE FOR TRYING TO AVENGE THAT SNAKE.
SNAKES DON'T NEED AVENGIN', PILGRIM. IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD.
IN MY HEAD? THAT'S WHAT THE ARMY SHRINKS SAID! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME YOU AND WARREN ARE JUST FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION.
NOT LIKELY. YOU THINK I'M GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU ABOUT SOME LOW-DOWN, DIRTY SNAKE, YOU GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN'.
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO POUND SOME SENSE INTO YA! BUT IT WON'T BE ME!
BASH
LIKE HELL IT WON'T.
WHACK


UNCLE, HE LOOKS SICK.
OOOOH...
HERE, BADGER. DRINK THIS. IT'S WATER.
THE DUKE HITS HARDER THAN ANYONE.
THE DUKE?
NEVER MIND. READY FOR THE NEXT COURSE, BADGER?
LAY IT ON ME.
LATER.
ONE OF THE BEST MEALS I'VE EVER EATEN (URP!).
THANK YOU.
AND THE SNAKE--IS IT STILL WITH YOU?
NOPE.
WELL, I WISH YOU TO KNOW--RATHER THAN RISK FURTHER ENCOUNTERS OF THIS NATURE...
I HAVE DECIDED TO STOP MAKING SNAKE BILE COGNAC.
GREAT! NOW WE CAN BE FRIENDS!
LET ME TELL YOU MY SHIRT SIZE...
SOUTH CHINA SEA RESTAURANT

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, BADGER DEPARTS FOR THE AIRPORT.
SEE YOU GUYS. GOING TO SEND YOU A BIG BOX OF CHEESE.
UNCLE-- WILL YOU REALLY STOP MAKING SNAKE BILE COGNAC?
OF COURSE. DO YOU THINK I WOULD LIE TO MY GOOD FRIEND BADGER?
BUT YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT-- YOU BEAT HIM SOUNDLY.
DID I?
AFTER HE PULLED ME UP FROM WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN CERTAIN DEATH, I LOOKED TO SEE WHAT PART OF THE ROCK FACE HE HAD GRIPPED.
EVEN WITH A SOLID HANDHOLD, IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE FEAT.
THERE WAS NO GRIP. THE ROCK WAS PERFECTLY SMOOTH. HE HAD OVERCOME GRAVITY WITH HIS INTERNAL POWER.
I TELL YOU, WARREN--THE THINGS I DO FOR A FREE MEAL--
HAVE A SNORT O' THIS BADGER. MAKE YOU FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER.
HEY-- YOU TALKIN' TO ME?!
NEXT MONTH
ENTER THE WOMBAT!


LAST ISH, IN AN ATTEMPT TO EXTORT $5 MILLION FROM THE CITY OF LAS VEGAS, RICH OF THE THE ZOOMTOWN COLLECTIVE DETONATED A SMALL NUCLEAR DEVICE OUTSIDE TOWN. HE SAID THERE WAS ANOTHER BOMB HIDDEN ON THE STRIP.
MGM
WHUMP!
WOW!
NOW APPEARING
Y BENNET
AND
Y DAVIS JR.
THEN THE GEAR, HEAD OF THE ZOOMTOWN COLLECTIVE, SHOWED UP. HE WAS BEAUCOUP IRRITATED.
ZOOMTOWN
YOU GOT MY BOMB, MY CAR, AND MY GIRL. I WANT IT ALL BACK.
YOUR GIRL?! WHY YOU ARROGANT CLOWN!
ON THE ROAD
MIKE BARON WRITER
RON WAGNER PENCILLER
GARY MARTIN INKER
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER
MARCUS DAVID COLORIST
RICK OLIVER EDITOR


I MEAN IT, RICH. COUGH UP THE BOMB OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU WHERE YOU STAND.


GEAR-- BOB AND I ARE OUT. WE DESIGNED AND BUILT THE ZOOMOBILE AND THE BOMB. IT'S OURS.
HEY-- WHAT ABOUT ME?

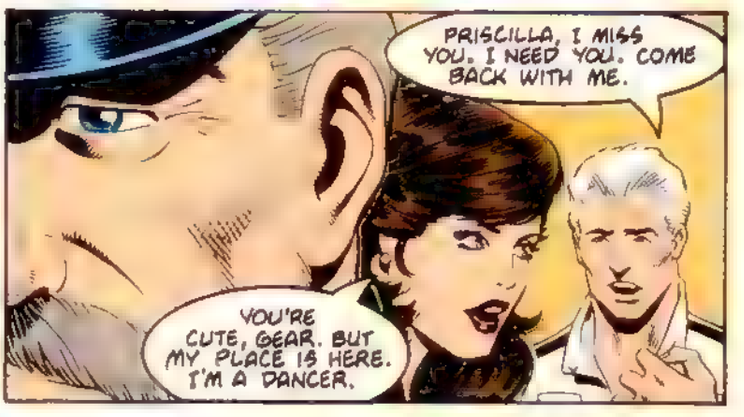
JUST THEN, RANDY HOYLE RETURNS WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE.
LET'S PUT THE GUNS DOWN, BOYS.
ONLY TRYING TO RECOVER WHAT'S MINE, CHIEF.

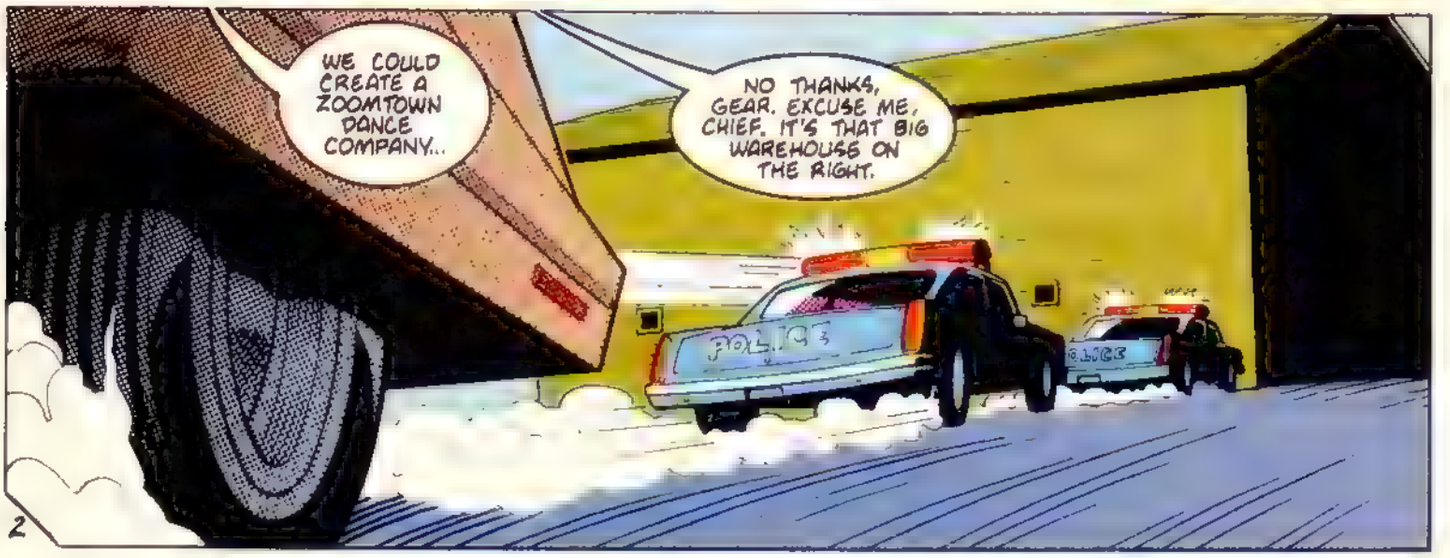
GEAR, WE'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN ALONG. BUT YOU CAN'T BRING YOUR DISPUTES INTO MY TOWN--I THOUGHT WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING.
CHIEF--TRY TO THINK OF US AS AN ELITE COUNTER-TERRORIST GROUP TRYING TO RID YOUR TOWN OF THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR BLACKMAIL.
I'M TRYING! BUT YOU COME ON LIKE A GROUP OF WANKED-OUT SURVIVALISTS WITH PARANOID TENDANCIES.
KEEP TRYING.

HEY, CHIEF! I KNOW WHERE THE BOMB IS, AND I'LL BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU!
PRISCILLA!
OH, COME ON, RICH. I HAVE TO WORK IN THIS TOWN.

HERE--I DON'T NEED ALL THIS MONEY. I ONLY SPENT $ 12.
WHERE IS THE BOMB, MISS...?
HER NAME IS PRISCILLA DILWORTH. SHE'S A DANCER.

BUT IF I SHOW YOU, YOU HAVE TO LET RICH GO.
WHY NOT?


PRISCILLA, I MISS YOU. I NEED YOU. COME BACK WITH ME.
YOU'RE CUTE, GEAR. BUT MY PLACE IS HERE. I'M A DANCER.

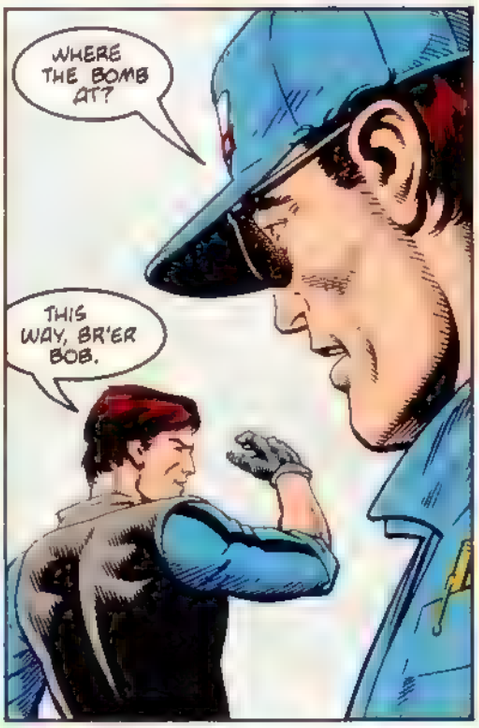

WE COULD CREATE A ZOOMTOWN DANCE COMPANY...
NO THANKS, GEAR. EXCUSE ME, CHIEF. IT'S THAT BIG WAREHOUSE ON THE RIGHT.
POLICE
POLICE

WELL, AT LEAST LET ME REPLACE YOUR CAR! COME BACK WITH ME-- JUST FOR THE WEEKEND, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A PORSCHE 944.
A PORSCHE?! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?!
WE'VE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THAT, NOW WE'RE NEGOTIATING ON A... OW!
COME OUT! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!
THAT WAS A JOKE!
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR LOUTISH BEHAVIOR!
PRISCILLA, I KNOW I'VE MADE SOME MISTAKES...
ATTENTION! YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO COME OUT!
KER-SPLANG!
RUN!

TRRRRRR
CHIEF-- HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THAT THING?
I'M CALLING THE GOVERNOR. WE CAN GET THE NATIONAL GUARD-- THEY'VE GOT ANTI-TANK GUNS.

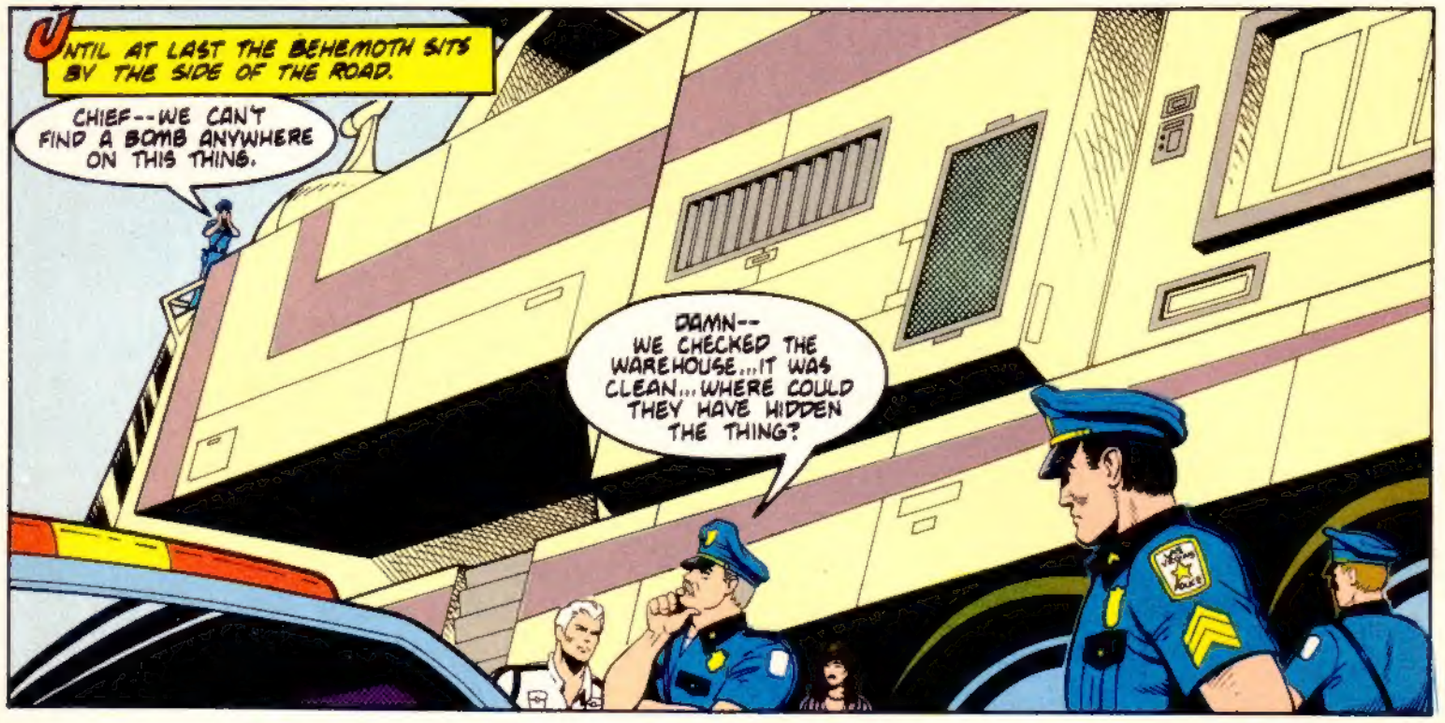
BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE.
THERE THEY GO, BR'ER RICH, LIKE DOGGIES AFTER A RABBIT.
NICE MANEUVER, BR'ER BOB.

GIMME FIVE!
SNAKES ALIVE!
SHUCK AND JIVE.
BROUGHT TO YOU LIVE!


WHERE THE BOMB AT?
THIS WAY, BR'ER BOB.

WHERE TO, BR'ER RICH?
NEXT STOP, PALM SPRINGS. WE NEVER SHOULDA TRIED VEGAS. THEY'RE TOO JADED HERE. THEY DON'T CARE IF WE DETONATE A NUCLEAR DEVICE.

'SCUSE MY DUST, CHIEF-- I CAN STOP THAT THING A LOT QUICKER THAN YOU OR THE NATIONAL GUARD.
GEAR-- GET BACK IN LINE! THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS!
PULL UP RIGHT BEHIND HER, TOM. I'M GOING UP ON THE ROOF.
I'VE GOT A REHERSAL TOMORROW AT 7:30.
YOU'LL MAKE IT.
UH OH... IT'S ACCELERATING. FASTER, TOM!
WE'RE DOING 160, GEAR... OH WELL...
I HAD THESE CUT-OUT PANELS INSTALLED... I DON'T KNOW WHY...
POK PEK PEK PEK BEEP POK
THE MASSIVE TURBINE ENGINES BEGIN TO SHUT DOWN.

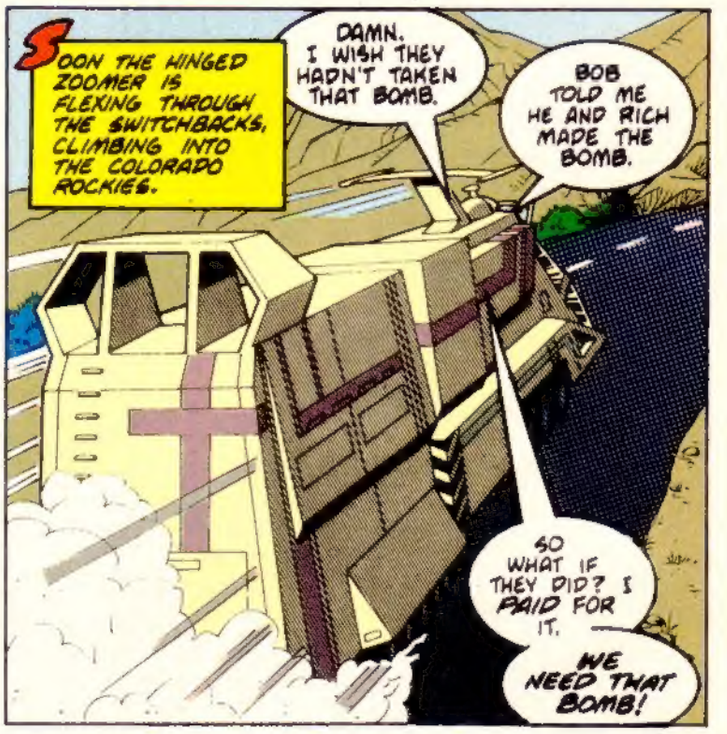

UNTIL AT LAST THE BEHEMOTH SITS BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
CHIEF--WE CAN'T FIND A BOMB ANYWHERE ON THIS THING.
DAMN-- WE CHECKED THE WAREHOUSE...IT WAS CLEAN...WHERE COULD THEY HAVE HIDDEN THE THING?

CHIEF--MAYBE THEY WERE BLUFFING. MAYBE THEY ONLY HAD THE ONE BOMB, WHICH THEY DETONATED IN THOSE MOUNTAINS...
I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO SO LONG AS THEY DO IT OUTSIDE OF MY TOWN.

OFFICER--CAN I GET A RIDE BACK TO TOWN WITH YOU?
NO, MA'AM. SORRY, WAY I UNDERSTAND IT. YOU KNEW THE ALLEGED WOULD-BE PERPETRATORS. I'D JUST AS SOON YOU KEPT CLEAR OF MY TOWN.

WHAT?
NO PROBLEM, CHIEF. I'LL GIVE THE LITTLE LADY A RIDE MYSELF.

SOON.
YOU CREEP. YOU BLEW MY JOB. YOU USED MY CAR FOR PARTS.
PLEASE, PRISCILLA... GIVE ME A CHANCE... I CAN EXPLAIN... I WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THE PORSCHE...


SOON THE HINGED ZOOMER IS FLEXING THROUGH THE SWITCHBACKS, CLIMBING INTO THE COLORADO ROCKIES.
DAMN. I WISH THEY HADN'T TAKEN THAT BOMB.
BOB TOLD ME HE AND RICH MADE THE BOMB.
SO WHAT IF THEY DID? I PAID FOR IT.
WE NEED THAT BOMB!

WHY?! WHY DOES ANYBODY NEED AN ATOMIC BOMB?
IN CASE THE ROAD PHAROAHS...
THE ROAD PHAROAHS! THE ROAD PHAROAHS!
IS THAT YOUR EXCUSE FOR BUILDING AN ATOMIC BOMB? FOR CONSTRUCTING THIS ENTIRELY HIDEOUS AND RIDICULOUS MOCK SURVIVALIST SOCIETY?
WELL, UH, NOT ENTIRELY...
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU GOONY BIRDS. JUST GIVE ME MY PORSCHE AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.
A QUA.
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID.
ZOOMTOWN COMIN' UP, GEAR.
Z
HI, SAMMY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HI, GEAR. YOU'RE WANTED IN THE MEETING HALL RIGHT AWAY.
NOT SO FAST! I WANT TO SEE MY PORSCHE!
IT WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, PRISCILLA. SOUNDS LIKE WE COULD HAVE AN EMERGENCY ON OUR HANDS...

YOU AIN'T JUST WHISTLIN' DIXIE, BUSTER.
HELLO, MELANIE. WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
THE SITUATION IS YOU'VE BEEN REPLACED, GEAR.
THREAT
ZONED!
MEETING TONIGHT
MONDAY NIGHT LECTURE: HOW TO CUT DOWN ANY TREE WITH A HERRING. STARTS AT 7:00
NOTICE!
SCHEDULE
ZOOMTOWN HAS HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MALE CHAUVINIST WAR MONGERING AND DEGRADING PATERNALISM-- SO WE HAVE TAKEN OVER.
AMEN, SISTER.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO HAS TAKEN OVER?
WE, THE WOMEN! AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN LUMP IT.
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?
FORGET THE PORSCHE, I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND A WHILE.
Continued Next Month.